Herbert Grosvenor Hufford.

"When Duty whispers low, '*Thou must*,'
The youth replies, '*I can*.'"

No. 3818.46

GIVEN BY

Estate of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney.

Edna L. Cheney

M. N. U. K.

1909

JAN 8

"What the strong masters wrote at large in miles,
I followed in small copy in my acre,
For there's no rood has not a star above it:
The gentle deities
Showed me the lore of colors and of sounds,
The innumerable tenements of beauty,
Better, the linked purpose of the whole."

—*Emerson.*

HERBERT GROSVENOR HUFFORD.

JUNE 29, 1872. FEBRUARY 25, 1891.

To those who knew him, Herbert seems to have been one of those whom nature has "haunted like a passion." He early formed the habit of taking long walks in the woods. What this companionship with wild things was to him may be understood by his words when seeking his mother's consent to his spending a Saturday in the woods: "I *must* go to get strength to go to school next week."

In the winter of 1889, he was afflicted with a serious weakness of the eyes, which continued for more than eighteen months. During this period of enforced interruption of his studies, he spent many days in the country along White river. In a note-book carried in his pocket, he often recorded his observations. These he called "Nature Notes." They were written for no eye but his own, and are the spontaneous expression of a heart throbbing with love for bird and flower, and a soul attuned to nature's harmonies. Not until after he had passed away, were they read even by those dearest to him.

The partial closing of his bodily eyes seems to have opened the eyes of his spirit; so that, through his sympathy with nature, he was led to such a view of the spiritual meaning of creation that he felt the Father's love pervading all. This view is expressed in his "Thoughts on God and Life."

Measured by years, his earthly life was short; but,

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

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NATURE NOTES.

Nov. 15, 1889. Took another long walk to-day. Did not get started till 10 o'clock, but made up in hard walking what I had lost in time. It was one of those electrifying November days; the atmosphere being so clear and rare that I seemed to receive some of its elasticity into my frame, and to be borne along with hardly any exertion. At least, I know that I ate my dinner at the regular hour, about six miles out on the river, two hours from the time I left home.

Took the usual route out Central avenue to the first cross-road, and from there crossing over to the Michigan road by way of Illinois street and Crown Hill driveway.

Walking under the long row of cedars and pines just the other side of Crown Hill Cemetery, I passed under a cedar which was filled with wax-wings. They were gulping down the blue berries of the cedar at a great rate. Probably it was a migratory party stopping for lunch, and in haste to continue their journey.

This was the first time I had observed them feeding on the fruit of the tree which gave them their name. There must have been enough berries in that row of evergreens to winter all the wax-wings in the State.

Notwithstanding the recent heavy rains, the river did not seem to have risen perceptibly. Saw a pewee about a half-mile above the bridge. I was surprised to find one so late in the year. He sat on a leafless branch oscillating his tail as naturally as in the spring. As there was no helpless brood to disturb his meditation at this season, he could devote the greater part of his time to that most flexible of caudal appendages. Caught sight of a redbird while eating my lunch, and his brilliant red coat shone distinctly from between the crimson leaves of the bush in which he was standing. I

wondered whether he chose the bush that he might the more easily be screened from sight. This ruse might have succeeded, had he remained as quiet and stationary as the leaves. Saw also several white-bellied nut-hatches, four downy woodpeckers, one little brown creeper, quite a number of goldfinches and song-sparrows, in company with numberless snow-birds. On the walk home, I saw a large hawk high upon a leafless branch of a tree which stood by itself in an open field. Reached home at half-past five, after starting from Red Bridge at a quarter of four.

Nov. 18, 1889. The sky has threatened rain all day, but I took the word of the weather prophet and am caught in the rain as a consequence.

The clouds held up their wet burden until I reached the creek and was well started among the shrubby growth along its bank, and, having thus enticed me far from shelter, proceeded to belabor my face and clothes with water pellets. However, not before I had obtained an excellent specimen of the tree-sparrow. So I felt repaid for the slight wetting received.

Nov. 19. The weather is still cloudy, but the aspect of the heavens is a little more favorable than yesterday. The sky is a little brighter, as if the sun had battered down the first thickness of clouds and was now hard at work upon the last.

Am again out along the creek, looking and listening for any sights and sounds of nature. Several titmice and tree-sparrows are busily gleaning in the dried weeds at the edge of a field of corn, and the former scold at me angrily as I approach.

A solitary redbird flits silently by, cold and morose at this season. He makes a noise in flying similar to that made by the quail, only in a less degree. Having proceeded a short distance in a wood, my attention is attracted by a rustling of the weeds close to the path. A snow-bird has become entangled in a weed and is held fast by the stickers. There he hangs, head downward, both wings hopelessly bound. What a sorry plight for a bird! I extricated him as gently as possible, and brushed the burrs from his poor bedraggled wings. He did not seem at all frightened, and it seemed to me that he purposely made a commotion in the weeds to attract my attention; at

any rate, I lent him a helping hand. Having partially cleaned his wearing apparel, enough to allow him the use of his wings, I gave him his liberty. He flew to the nearest tree and began a struggle to release himself of the stickers. There he sat tugging at his late fetters until I thought the quills would come before the burrs. I was glad to have an opportunity to render such a service to one of Nature's creatures. The god of the wood himself must have guided me to the spot.

Wherever the hank-hank of the nut-hatch strikes your ear, you may listen for the answering call of the brown-creeper. Though not always accompanying the nut-hatch, as it is not so plentiful, the brown-creeper, when found, is generally not far away from its larger relative. Its familiar note seems to be dropped out of the sky—hardly louder than an insect's note, yet finer, clearer, and less discordant.

Saw a hawk towards evening, but he sailed away before I could get within range. Later on, as it grew darker, a yellow-hammer took his station on the highest part of a large forest tree, and began to call for his mate.

'Twas not long before there came an answering call not far off. The two kept up this evening strain for at least a quarter of an hour; I thought for no other reason than to break the silence: they two, at this lonely hour, the only voices of the wood.

Beauty is the life and soul of the earth.

At evening, the sun seems to linger lovingly as if to take a last look before he wraps the coverlet of night softly and snugly around his children.

It is sorrow softens every life.

Nov. 24. The world is all strangeness and mystery to me yet; though I have been here full seventeen years, it grows stranger and more mystic every day, and ever will so continue till that bright day, when the puzzle is solved in eternity.

Nov. 28. Thanksgiving.

To-day brings with it the first fall of snow and the first real sharpness in the air. For the last few days past, while we have been busily at work preparing good things in honor of the day, the

elements have not been idle, though without noise or bustle. Nature placed a thick curtain of dark clouds across the firmament to screen her workshop from the gaze of man. Now, when her preparations are completed, the curtain being no longer needed, she grinds it up into snow, the most exquisitely beautiful example of her handicraft, and sifts it softly and silently down, and over, and around the abodes of man.

As we stand around the fire, my brother, who is standing before the window, calls me to look at a large bird in a maple just outside the window, and which he calls a robin. It is, however, a yellow-hammer perched on a thin twig just as a sparrow or any regular perching bird would alight. He looks ill at ease, and probably feels so, as there are nine or ten sparrows gathered around him. As the snow and ice together had partly encased the trees with a hard coat, he was probably driven in from his native haunt to seek breakfast in the city.

How forlorn he looks, tossed this way and that by the wind, and continually menaced by the sparrows, who dart at him if he makes a move! Now he has changed his position and flown to a large cottonwood in the next yard, this time alighting in the usual way, square up against the bark of the trunk. He does not seem to find a single eatable and is soon off for foreign parts. I wondered what he had to be thankful for. But I need not think long while he has his freedom. The food question will not trouble him much. If his supply be entirely shut off here, he has but to spread his wings before that north wind and be, in a few hours, at the most, with his friends in warmer climes.

Dec. 16. The weather is yet mild, the thermometer registering about 50° above zero; very remarkable weather for this season of the year. I take the opportunity to get out into the country again while the nice weather lasts. Instead of going out along the river by the usual route, I start eastward toward a beech woods in a somewhat unfrequented spot, north-east of the Atlas Works.

Notwithstanding the mildness of the day, the woods are almost deserted of feathered life. But down in the hollows of the fields along some small stream with a thick, shrubby growth, there are a good many small birds.

As the snow-bird only finds its way down to our latitude in winter, such a day as this is just the time to catch him in song. They are only short, half-suppressed snatches, yet, from them, you can get some idea of his vocal powers.

As usual, there are a great many song-sparrows in company with the snow-birds, and also a few sober-colored goldfinches. The most abundant bird is the crow. There is hardly a moment of the day that his harsh caw is not heard from some quarter. They gather in great numbers, and, you might almost say, make the air hideous with their noise. Always bickering and quarreling about some matter, or probably growing excited over some discussion for the crow welfare.

The woods are, for the most part, bare and open, but some of the beech trees have retained their leaves, dried and browned crisp. The wind continually rustles through these, as if it delighted to break the silence and dull monotony.

I scared up one cotton-tail in a small ravine, but he was off and under cover again almost before I had time to identify him.

DEC. 17. Cloudy weather and very warm. Thermometer registers 56°. Would take a walk but the skies threaten rain at any moment.

AFTERNOON.—How yielding is the sod after a rain! From the number of mole tunnels crossing and re-crossing in every direction, I should judge this woods must be the seat of a populous city in moledom.

It has been drizzling for quite a while, but has now about ceased in time for the yellow-hammer to give his evening salute to the departing day.

DEC. 18. What a glorious day! It would seem as if spring had dropped suddenly down from somewhere, probably from the heaven of departed seasons, to pay winter a visit. Winter has been very mild so far, or she (spring) would certainly not have had the courage to come. She has come attired in the garments of May, and the whole of Nature responds to her presence.

The wind, accompanying her, seems to touch the woods with a

caressing hand, while her sunny, beaming face has, in a few places, brought the dandelion into bloom, and caused the violet to send forth welcoming green shoots.

While crossing a stubble-field on my way out, an enormous grasshopper jumped up before me, as it were out of the middle of summer, and spread its soggy, frost-bitten wings to the warm rays of the sun. A little further on, along the river's edge, I was ushered quite unexpectedly into a concert hall where the music was furnished by a chosen choir of tree-sparrows, free of charge. Heard the rattle of, and afterwards, saw a kingfisher above the five-mile bridge on the river. Also saw another bird with which I am not acquainted. It looked something like a shore-lark.

JAN. 11, 1890. The farther winter advances, the more spring-like the weather grows. To-day, the thermometer stands at 62°—almost summer heat.

Soon after breakfast, while currying the horse, I thought my ears detected the call of a robin, and, stepping to the door, I saw three fly over the house.

The mildness of the season not only draws back the migratory birds, they thinking that spring must surely have returned, but also causes the vegetation to put forth on all sides. In the alley north of our house, and close up under the fence where the sun's rays never reach, there is a thick growth of chick-weed, and almost one mass of tiny white bloom. In the early autumn, the frosts did not seem to be severe enough to blight it, and up till now, it has grown and thrived so that, every morning, I can obtain a bunch of it for my bird, just by stepping out of the alley gate.

Here in the country, the woods and winds seem to be in that restless, uneasy state indicative of change. True March winds sough uneasily among the trees, and the sod is alert and ready for immediate action. A robin screams at some distance away, and a flicker beats a fitful evening reveille. As I approached a pond of stagnant water, several small frogs surprised me by jumping hastily into the water, and disappearing under the leaves at the bottom. I captured one and intend to take him home.

Kept him about a day, when he managed to get out of the can in which I had placed him, and got away.

JAN. 13. Temperature took a sudden fall between last night and this morning, descending from about 62° to 8° below freezing point.

I took the Central avenue road down to the first cross-road, and here turned east as far as the first woods bordering on the Monon track. While passing through this woods, I discovered the wreck of a bee-tree. During the storm of the preceding night, this tree had blown over. The upper part, which was hollow, was broken off, dumping out bees, and comb, and honey in a conglomerate mass. A great number of the bees, massed together in a ball, were yet alive, and eagerly sipped up the remaining sweets. How forlorn they looked as the chilling wind swept in upon them! How different from the warm summer breeze to which only they had been accustomed! They were meant only for the sunny side of the year, and had housed themselves snugly away to pass the long winter months in sleep, to be refreshed at intervals by the gathered sweets of last summer's flowers.

But how often do the best laid plans of bees and men come to naught!

JAN. 18. After two days of snapping frosts and biting air, the weather has again moderated, and the sun has come out warm and bright. Did not get up until breakfast was ready, and so was late in getting through my morning work. By ten o'clock, I had given the horse his last touch with the brush, and, an hour later, started out for a walk with my botanical can, containing lunch, and with a trowel under my arm. Reached the five-mile bridge by a quarter after twelve o'clock.

The bank of the river, and also for some distance into the field adjoining, is dotted with bleached snail shells. I gathered a few of them, intending to have an aquarium some time soon, and use them as covering for the bottom.

There seem to be myriads of these shells, and I find some during every walk. It is the only land variety found around here. Some distance from the bridge, I fell in with a hunter. He carried a double-barreled muzzle loader in the crotch of one arm, and was accompanied by a water-spaniel dog. He was after rabbits, but had not, as yet, seen a single cotton-tail.

The woods are only partially denuded of vegetation this winter.

In some places, the fern leaves are green, and look as if they expected to live on into next spring, while almost every large rock and decaying log has a coating of green moss. Here, on this sheltered slope, you find withered tufts of hepatica leaves marking the position of next year's flowers. I dug up three plants, and have them in my botanical can. I intend to plant them and keep them in the house, and see if I can't have some spring before winter is dead.

JAN. 21. I planted the hepatica roots in a cigar box, and have placed the box on the table in front of the south window where the sun streams in all day. I also have another plant, some kind of a creeping ivy, I think, besides the hepaticas. Brought it home because, in case it bloomed, I might identify it from the blossom. Also have a large, lustrous (Solomon Seal?) root in a box of earth containing lettuce seed. I intend to try to raise some lettuce in the house.

Although the sun has shone brightly, it has been rather raw out of doors to-day, owing to the keen wind which has blown.

JAN. 22. Have just come home from a walk. Started about half-past three, walking out Central avenue, passing over Fall creek, and on out as far as the next hill, following the cut around into the woods.

It is still pretty cold, as there is quite a wind blowing, while the thick mass of dark blue clouds drawn up across the sky shut out all the sun's warmth.

Ice has formed on all the ponds and ravines of still water, while the creek and other running streams yet flow on unbounded by icy fetters. At the side of the road, there is in some places an inch-and-a-half's thickness formed over the water left from the last heavy rains. It will bear my weight clear across here and there. If the weather will but remain as cold or even grow colder than it is now, it will be plenty strong enough for skating.

Just below the hill, there is a hollow of water, and around a third of its margin, quite a fringe of drift has been blown up by the wind.

This consists of small sticks and dry stalks of reeds, and, scattered in and among these, lies a continuous circle of shells cast up from

the depths of this miniature sea. How different from the common white snail shell I found along the banks of the creek and river! They are smaller and more delicately constructed, more truly horn-like, as if made for old Triton himself. None of them are whitened, coming from under water where they were not exposed to the bleaching qualities of the sun and air. But most curious to me was the hard, horny growth on most of them, giving such odd and irregular shapes.

I gathered quite a number and now have them with the shells I picked up during preceding walks.

JAN. 23. Why did I sleep so soundly last night? The elements were preparing a surprise and probably instructed the old sand-man to allow me a larger portion of sand than my usual allotment. Truly, it was a beautiful surprise.

All through the long night, while I slept unconscious, the heavy clouds had been swiftly and softly weaving a new carpet for our old world. What a beautiful sight the early dawn revealed! Every house-top and steeple capped with crystal snow, and every dusky yard concealed from view by a broad, white coverlet of purest snow.

JAN. 25. It is now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and so dark that I have to sit close up to the window to see what I write.

Old Boreas has again withdrawn to his northern citadel, leaving only a thin skirmish line of earthy-colored snow.

It has lost all its cold brilliancy of but two days ago, and, deserted by its northern ally, is fast succumbing to the clammy influence of dirt and soot.

The sun has, for to-day, left off in an unsuccessful attempt to pierce the barrier of dirty, gray clouds with his sparkling darts of light, and, hurrying on toward the western horizon, will soon leave us to the murky embraces of his brother night.

JAN. 28. Have had beautiful, spring-like weather for the last two days. A heavy frost at night, with the thermometer rising to 35° or 40° by the middle of the day. Buds have started up on two or three of my hepatica plants, and are raised on about an inch of stem. They come wrapped in a warm water-proof coat of silken

hair. Each little hair stands out straight and stiff, catching and holding any particle of water that falls on the bud, like small sentinels placed there to guard the tender blossom from harm.

How rapid is the development when once started! For a week after I brought them home, and had them in the window exposed to the sun, I could discover no change in the enveloping pods.

But the change was going on all the time, only the result had, as yet, been too fine and dèlicate for the eye. When, last Sunday morning, I was about to water them as usual, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a round bud entirely clear of the covering which had enveloped it. To-day, the 29th, a half dozen have started up, one giving promise of early maturing into blossomhood.

JAN. 30. Spring must surely be here, although we are supposed to have one winter month before us yet. We, of course, can not skip over him, as, having an appointment with us for twenty-eight days, he is bound to come for that length of time. Yet I think his mild sister will have so modified him in his attitude towards mankind that he will bring up only nominally the tail end of winter, and in reality constitute the advance guard of spring.

Early this morning, while out in the yard, I heard for the first time the call of the bluebird. Was unable to catch sight of the bird itself. Indeed, I half doubt if it were visible, but came as the ensign-bearer of spring, wrapped in a veil of mist; a voice of a divine messenger which was wafted down from the passing breeze. How it thrilled me through and through!

I had heard some wild news, and the house could not hold me. It had started the wild blood in its mystic springs. I must follow after that voice. But I might as well expect to find the breeze that blew over this morning, or the wild geese that sailed away with it. Yet ever has it been before me.

Some inner life has been stirred within all nature. The waters of the creek rushed on with accelerated force, and boiled and frothed with unusual impatience over every stone or tree that was so unfortunate as to be in its course. Here, while I write, the downy woodpecker having tried himself in an initiatory rattle, breaks out into song. A distant quarter of the woods resounds to

the piercing calls of the titmouse. Some crows passing caw at me loud, exultant, while every tree is voiced by the gleeful call of the nut-hatch or creeper. All the birds that have wintered with us must now feel repaid for the hardships and trials endured. As I passed the remnant of the pond from which I obtained my first frog, several little, brown, warty frogs disappeared in its green scum-covered bottom.

FEB. 3. Spring seems to have clinched her hold on nature, and to grasp earth and sky with a firmer grip.

A robin alighted for a short time this morning in the tall cottonwood next door. He had hardly alighted, when he was waited upon by three or four sparrows. He was, however, not at all disturbed by their presence, but sat steadily upright in his red waistcoat and soldier-like bearing.

I find the roads are plastic and yielding to the pressure of the foot.

The sun and warm, moist atmosphere have thawed the frost out of even the most sheltered places. The creek has dwindled down to a placid spring current, and men with teams have been hauling gravel for several days from the broad expanse the creek has considerately left them. Snow-birds restlessly flit back and forth among the dried reeds and stalks, afraid that they will be caught trespassing upon the domains of spring, and uncertain as to whether winter has departed.

The stalks of corn which stood up and stiffly faced winter's winds and snows now hang their heads. Spring brings no comfort to them—only the plowshare and certain burial.

How exhilarating and pleasing to the ear was that song-sparrow's note this afternoon! I shall expect soon to find the hepatica in the woods and the meadow-lark in the fields. The willows have turned lovers and woo the spring in garb of bright yellow. They furnish about the only fresh color to the landscape, excepting, now and then, a green wheat field or moss-covered tree trunk.

Surely this can not last long. Old winter can not have left for good.

Some night soon, he will come back and throw an exceedingly cold damper on spring's advances.

FEB. 5. The northern ice-king has the air with his chill breath to-day. He has only reduced the mercury to 40°, though. We are more sensitive to a change of 10° or 20° at about this temperature than if we had been having freezing weather. It is much more exhilarating for walking than yesterday; almost summery weather.

I took a short walk of two or three hours' duration, following my usual course along the creek. The sky was covered with clouds of a dark, March slate-color; the kind that linger around all day, yet with no intention of raining; dog-in-the-manger clouds, that delight in loitering, depriving earth of the bright, warm sun. The snow-birds were happy to-day. They were probably rejoicing that the time for migration had not yet come.

FEB. 6. This is a beautiful day. Hardly a mist to mar the deep blue of heaven. It is rather chilly, walking without an overcoat and with nothing on the hands, yet the sun seems warm wherever there is a sheltered spot. I am very comfortably seated on these dried leaves and grasses, and sheltered from the wind by a fallen hickory, which has retained its last year's leaves, dried and rustling in the wind.

Theremometer fell to 20° above last night, and, as a consequence, we had a sharp frost and a thin coating of ice on the ponds.

It soon melts under the heat of the sun, though. The March winds have been at work all day scouring and cleansing the earth and air of winter's accumulation of scum, preparatory to the new carpet of green which April is to weave for all Nature. I, too, came out to be cleansed and renewed.

How keen and exhilarating is the atmosphere! I would not lose my walk on such a day as this for a good deal. This wind cleanses the galleries of the brain, and causes new and fresh leaves of thought to shoot out. There is no weather so inspiring and invigorating—a strengthener and brace to the constitution.

The sun is just warm enough to bring out the first installment from the insect world. With their bodies only half thawed out, they crawl around over twigs and grasses in an unsteady, inebriate's gait, as if they had not their sleep out. Now and then, a winged insect, shaken up by the leaves, as you walk over them, will start up

in the liveliest manner, with all sails set, and suddenly come to grief against a forest tree or other obstacle. A few such days as this, however, would limber them up amazingly.

Mother Earth is also responding to the genial warmth.

Down along the sunny slope of one ravine-like hollow I found several plants of the Thalictrum Anemenoides; some few of the spring-beauty, and, just above the water, quite a fringe of Thalictrum Anemenoides in bud; some of them so far opened as to show the color of the blossom. Remove the covering of leaves and mould from almost any spot of woods and you will find many varieties have started, and are ready to shoot forth at the first call of spring.

FEB. 8. Thermometer registers 40°. This afternoon is delightfully spring-like and warm. The little frogs are out, and muddy the water of every little pool that you approach, in their haste to escape harm's way.

While passing the rapid, a song-sparrow's strain floated out from the opposite bank, mingled with music of the water-fall. A delightful spring melody! The song-sparrow delights in running water, and, wherever there is a water-fall, there you will find him running nimbly in and out among the brush and rocks along the bank, or he will make known his presence by a burst of song.

The robins have come. A whole battalion of the red-breasted songsters have encamped here in the woods. How jolly and hearty they are, running about on the ground like brown leaves blown about by the wind! When I try to imitate their call, they laugh and scream from every tree. Last week, as I passed through these woods, there was no sound to break the stillness. To-day, the woods are fairly alive with their red-coats, and afloat with song. Every bird has a bright new vest, having discarded the old one of last fall.

Although it is only four o'clock, my ears can occasionally distinguish a low, undertone carol, as if some impatient bird were slyly rehearsing for the evening chorus. Every sand-bank and snow-patch melts and softens under this mild afternoon sun. The crows caw in a business-like manner, as they sail past above the trees.

FEB. 13. Am in the woods bordering the Monon and just north of the four-mile cross-road.

Although there was a heavy frost last night, which rather paled and blighted the green of the wheat-fields, the air was warm and mild enough to entice the tramper from home. The snow-birds are still here. Heard the same song-sparrow's strain in the same position near the creek rapids. He seems to have established himself there. Missed the bright, red coats of the robins and their hearty calls to-day, only two or three stray birds remaining out of last Monday's flock.

FEB. 15. Again out for an afternoon stroll in the wooded creek bottom. Still mild and sunny; temperature about 40° or 50° above.

For the first time this season, approached within speaking distance of a bluebird. The first ones that come north seem never to alight. They come as the voice and spirit of spring to make known to the world the coming change. I generally hear the first one, while working around the barn during some mild day in the latter part of winter, and it is like being suddenly awakened from a dream. Only the first faint tinge of a note wafted down from the blue ether. I rush to the door, but in vain. This winged messenger of spring has sped on to other regions with the joyous news.

The season is plainly advancing. Where, two days ago, but a single song-sparrow uttered his plaintive melody on the chill spring air, a dozen hop all around yon bush and fence and swell the chorus.

Old Sol is daily lengthening his stay with us. He rises earlier, and drops to rest among the western hills at a later hour. He broods over the landscape hour after hour, and seems loath to depart. He stretches at length along southward slopes and breathes the breath of life into cold mother earth. 'Twill not be long before she responds, awakened from the cold winter sleep by his life-giving restoratives.

Afternoon glides on, and finds the sun hanging motionless on the western horizon, loath to leave his half-restored mother.

Came across an old snag a little way back, whose center was completely hollowed out from top to bottom, and with a thin parti-

tion on one side between inside and outdoors. Every little crack and crevice was stopped up with bunches of dried grass and leaves. As I was curiously removing this patchwork, and running my walking-stick around and under the partition, a brown-coated rat hastily scrambled up out of his lair and peeked out at me. It was larger than the common brown mouse I have found before. The whole interior of the stump was crammed with material which these mice or rats had brought in; enough to fill a half-bushel measure. The lining consisted of grasses, and dried leaves, and thistle-down; as snug a home for cold of winter as any mice could wish.

FEB. 17. Found two or three flowers of the pepper and salt; also, quite a number of cardamines.

FEB. 24. A week has elapsed since I took my last walk. I was shut indoors by the disagreeable weather.

We had two or three snapping days last week, followed by a mild February snow-storm and wet, thawing weather. The warm, southern winds have taken matters in hand to-day, however, and have turned out a warm April day, cloudy, but without the showers.

The woods are receiving reinforcements every day and hour.

The strain of the song-sparrow floats out over the creek from every limb and brush-pile along its shores. For the first time this season, heard the meadow-lark. I have not, as yet, seen a bird; but, several times, that wild, piercing note, a little softened by distance, yet the sweeter for that, floated across from a distant field. No other minstrel of spring can pierce so deep into the depths of feeling—the true bard of the field and meadow. That wild and most deliciously piercing melody stirs the very depths of your soul. It will take the balm of many a warm spring day to reduce it to its normal temperament.

Just now, heard the soft, whirring call of the screech-owl.

Obtained several beetles—about four varieties. It seems to me that there are as many insects abroad as in any day of summer. They already form a spring diet for the blue-bird.

FEB. 27. Tramped to Crow's Nest. Found a spring-beauty in bloom in one spot; also several of the larger varieties of carda-

mines. Brought home another plant of the hepatica—a beautiful tinge of pink. Each flower is regularly six petaled.

Went prepared for beetles, with cigar-box and can, but the weather is too damp and drizzling for insects. The river was away up, converting the fields along its bottom into a chain of lakes.

MARCH 10. Took a short Sunday afternoon's walk yesterday. Followed the usual route along the creek as far as the cross-road over the Monon. The sky was clouded over and the atmosphere, cold and chilling. Although the winter has been mild, it dies hard. Perhaps we have two or three warm, spring-like days, and think that old Boreas has really departed in earnest, when, some warm night, he pounces down upon us and clinches the world in his icy grasp. Yesterday and to-day are rather transition days, in which the forces for cold and warm are about equal, and, wherever they meet, shedding down upon us their cold, bloody rain.

Day wears an imbecile, expressionless, vacant look, as if she were the umpire between the two forces and must show no preference for either.

Obtained half a dozen beetles during the walk; one new variety—a slimly-built, long-limbed green beetle. Have one cigar-box full of a miscellaneous collection of beetles and moths—a beginning.

The robins seem to have been thinned out in numbers. We should think that such weather as this would tax their patience and endurance, yet they are as cheerful and active as if cloudy weather were their choice. They choose whatever is sent and make the best of it.

MARCH 20. Took a long tramp yesterday. While out for a short walk along the canal, several days ago, Ellis and I saw a flock of ducks alight on the river. So we concluded to start out some day soon and try to obtain a specimen or two. Started about nine o'clock with shot-gun and botanical can. Took a new tack in our course. Walked over to the canal and out as far as the Big Four road. Then followed the road out to the river and on up the eastern bank.

The day was a true son of March, windy and bright, with sky of deepest, most intense blue. Saw a duck on Armstrong Pond. Ellis

got a long-range shot and, of course, missed him. We fell in with him again some distance up the river, and again missed him. From there, walked slowly up the river, past the five-mile bridge and around the bluff.

While passing through the reeded bottom-land of the river, a largish, brown animal ran down the hillside and came to a stand-still in front of the entrance to his burrow. Saw, then, it was a ground-hog; the first one I've seen around here.

The bright day brought the birds to the front in great numbers. I think there were many new arrivals, although some had remained here all winter. Found a duck fastened securely to a barbed wire fence running along the top of the bluff. Each half of the bill was pierced by a barb. At first, we thought it had been impaled while flying over, but this seemed improbable, as ducks never fly so low. Reached home about half-past three o'clock.

MARCH 21. Again out for a stroll along the creek. The day is bright and mild, though windy, yet not enough to make walking disagreeable.

I think that spring is firmly established now, so that we need not feel any alarm about winter's returning. All day her cavalry have been scouring the whole country round about at a great rate. Up hill, and down dale; now sweeping across the open country full tilt, ruthlessly hustling the pedestrian to one side, or leaving him to recover his equilibrium as best he can. They stop for nothing. Any way and every way to rout the enemy's forces. Eager, relentless, charging upon every hollow and earthwork where the last forces of winter cling desperately.

To-morrow's sun will look in vain for the white tents of winter.

Another nine months of peace and warm contentment before the sun's truant brother, winter, again takes up the reins of government.

The sun is doomed to wage eternal warfare with winter. Constantly on the move, from one winter's boundary to the other, his is no peaceful reign—an eternal warfare for his dependent subjects, men.

At times, the roar of battle subsides; both sides take a breathing spell; now they are at it again in upper vaults of heaven, until the

tumult gradually dies away in the distance. What fierce battles are fought for the preservation of us mortals!

March 22. I can not stay away from the woods such days as these. Each day works such marvelous changes. What a change from the bluster of yesterday! Sweet spring has recalled the winds; they had done their work. She wove a mantle last night out of the threads of tenderest balm and peace, and softly wrapped it around the abodes of men, that Sunday's tender feet might find no thorns.

Found a spring-beauty, just born. It lay reclining on the bosom of its mother earth, as yet too weak to stand erect.

March 23. This has been a beautiful day—bright and typical. I think that spring has certainly won after innumerable retreats and counter-marches. The blackbirds have already begun their early morning forages, coming back again in straggling flocks at evening.

How beautiful are these sunsets of early spring! This is the grandest closing picture of the master artist, in which the strongest, brightest colors are brought into use.

The massy, silent cloud-continents hang heavy on the western horizon, like the border-lands of unknown continents where the sun may rest his head and close his e'e. Dark, formidable, limitless, ever shifting, forming and reforming.

March 24. Another day like the last. Spring is well started now, and makes no stops nor interruptions. How beautiful are the sunsets! I wonder that I have allowed so many to pass unnoticed. The clouds seem always to follow. He draws them after him like trails of fleecy light. To-night they are broken up and isolated, and float motionless above the west, like links of a broken chain.

Nature never paints the same picture twice. Once erased, gone forever. Here, on the house-top, I can hear a thousand robins chanting farewell hymns to the departing sun.

March 25. No clouds escort the sun to rest to-night. He has ridden his course to-day unaccompanied.

What a curious result is the blackbird's effort towards expression—a combination of all sounds, each struggling to come out

first! He turns the crank of his windpipe and the whole curriculum of sound drops out at once. He spreads his tail more like a rudder than most birds, flat down against the wind, and, consequently, flying heavily, like a kite dragged down with too much tail.

What a beautiful close to day, is the robin's hymn! He never fails in his morning and evening devotions.

The weather is still favorable for wild flowers, so I think I'll tramp to-morrow.

MARCH 29. March, your brief life of thirty days and one is drawing to a close—almost run. I did not take the tramp as it rained a good part of the next day. Since then, old winter has returned for one last effort. Yesterday the ground was almost covered with his white tents. His forces are greatly thinned out, though; hardly enough to color the ground and fill up the rents and gaps made by spring's grape and canister. Such weather as this must be very discouraging to the early wild flowers. Again, and again, spring entices them out of their warm beds with fair promises, gentle winds and mild, sunny weather, only to be greeted by winter's surly face and chilling breath.

I think this weather will not last long. The clouds are growing thinner and thinner, fading in some places to a thin, transparent veil across the blue beyond.

Spring is year's most fickle daughter. Flighty and capricious, until once the earth has grasped her with a firm, steady hand; then she fairly sows his old brown breast with scented bloom.

I am again out in the woods. Vegetation has made a wonderful advance these last few days. Every day beholds an extensive act in play, and consequently, I had almost lost the run of events. The woods are full of birds; many new varieties.

In the woods adjoining, heard a new song. It fairly enchanted the ear; clear and strong, rising above all other sounds, like the distillation of melody. Wild flowers are, in some places, quite thick; only in bud, however, with occasionally a white face "sunward spread."

At one time, when the sun was scarcely visible, the woods re-

sounded with song from a hundred feathered throats. The woods were breast-high in song.

Cultivation and artificial education have not entirely outrooted the old elemental instinct and wild, chaotic fire.

There is an inherited spark in every man's breast—a spark from the original molten sphere, which can never be extinguished; smouldering and occasionally glowing like some dark eye—eye of the inmost, deepest nature. Spring, with her hot breath, annually blows it into a flame, but only to sink to its old limits under the pressure of the remaining nine months. How long before the whole earth were afire if we could have a year of spring? Earth shakes itself in relief when winter's hand unlooses its iron grip. Some invisible, mighty current sweeps up hot from the south, resistless and overwhelming, rolling from pole to pole, all life struggling on its waves; but how soon to subside! The birds are flooded with it and pour it out in a steady stream, clear and ethereal from the fountain-head.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30. The March wind blows chill this afternoon. Spring still holds aloof. She is not to be won in a day or a month. I think she will soon yield to old Sol's entreaties.

The tree-tops hold many tiny warblers to-day, representing the skirmish line of the great army that will soon follow. How silent are the woods, as if no great change were going on beneath the gray bark! Nature always prefers to work under cover, behind the screen, and reveal to our eyes the completed and perfect picture.

The day hangs fire, as yet uncertain whether to smile or cry.

The sky is a great blue harbor, receiving and sending forth a thousand ships each day. What a mighty traffic is carried on up there! Constant crossing and re-crossing. Sometimes a cargo is spilled and we here below reap the fruits. To-day being Sunday, the great white ships hove to and cast anchor. There they lie all along the horizon, a mighty squadron, motionless and silent, idly watching the progress of the drama below. Spectators now, but with a part to perform when next the curtain rises.

MARCH 31. The sun leaves an eddying wake of fleece.

This is the last day of March, and the weather rawer than during

a great part of February. Things must soon take a turn for the warmer. The poor flowers must have lost all faith in spring—nipped and snipped at every turn. But yet they come on trustful—

"Cauld blow the bitter, biting winds
Upon their early, humble birth."

APRIL 1. To-day treads lightly on the earth, unencumbered by any cares.

Old Sol's rays have gone before and cleared the way, and so vigilant have they been that not a cloud has strayed within the lines.

This is the first day of April—fool's day. I certainly was surprised in the weather, as it has been cloudy and disagreeable for several days. This mild sunshine is so enticing that to remain indoors is out of the question, so here I am, seated in a brush heap seven miles from home. Brought my botanical can in hopes of finding a few stray flowers.

Long before winter is gone, I look forward to these days of early spring. Ere March has done blustering, am nigh half-starved for a sight of a little face.*

I found them to-day in their touching, simple beauty. One hillside stood thick with their clustered faces upward turned; in perfect beauty, just as they were decades ago, when earth was young and life was new.

Nature never cultivates; she first casts the mould in perfection; then has no need.

How frail and tender, scarce reared above the parent earth! So bright, expressive, appealing! A few such moments are worth years in a life-time. What were life without them?

Thousands of years have come and gone with their wear and tear, and yet old earth sails serenely on, fruitful and unscathed. Time and our old mother walk hand in hand with eternity.

Most of the familiar voices are here. The meadow-lark out yonder in the stubble-field, the red-bird, titmouse, and song-sparrow in the clump of woods, and the chewink at his old tricks.

APRIL 2. Another warm day, bordering on the sultry; too warm for this time of year. These transition days, when winter, settling in the west, sees spring rising in the east, and leaving us

* Hepaticas.

between the two, are all too fleeting. The halcyon, ideal days of the year; too, too ephemeral; for which the rest is but subservient!

The whistle sounds the approach of evening; also the death-knell of to-day's labor.

This lazy sun is having a bad effect all too soon. I begin to sigh for a taste of "wintry war." This lazy air fails to awake the robins to-night. I can hardly hear a voice. Black clouds stretch away toward the west, silently watching o'er the death-bed of another day. They seem always to follow the sun, drawn on resistless by the great life-magnet.

Alas! Spring has settled down to see-saw, every-day life, and the world goes with her.

April 3. It has rained steadily all morning and the greater part of last night. The sun has drawn the clouds off this afternoon, and beams down with entirely too warm an admiration for such a short acquaintance.

The March winds are getting up steam, now the way is clear, and hustle the scattering clouds off at a great rate. They want no clouds to trip them up when once they get to shuffling. Huge, boisterous sky-moppers! How they enjoy freedom! They would fain blow old Sol out of the sky, if such a thing were possible. However, they give him considerable of a touching up now and then. How cleansing and purifying! Washing and scouring till every particle of ether glows with pulsating life. It takes a deal of smoothing to rub out the furrows worn by three months' rule of that surly chap, Winter.

The birds are in an extraordinarily merry mood this afternoon. Each bird stands a tip-toe in his efforts to excel his neighbor, while every robin in the woods is intoxicated with spirits of March;—a jovial, hearty crowd.

When one starts out, the whole band chimes in with cloud-like, side-splitting guffaws. The feathered Dromios seem to be acting a part, and their mirth is contagious. What other bird can come so near the sound of human laughter? Snow-birds are more than usually abundant this year. A few have even strayed into the city. Strange that they could have even penetrated the sparrow picket-line! I supposed they would be started north long ere this.

There is something extremely touching and appealing in the song of the meadow-lark. Wild, piercing note of deepest sorrow! A race of bards; of the strong, racy, highland quality, though always found in the field and meadow. The spring chorus lacks its head minstrel to give the key-note until he arrives.

April 4. Spring has taken a back-slide this afternoon. The song-birds have retired for the time being, with an occasional spurt from the meadow-lark. March war-horses are evidently out in earnest. The galleries resound to the rumble of their iron hoofs.

The creek has risen again, swelled by last night's and this morning's rains.

Old Winter himself is in the air, as my fingers can hardly form the letters.

April 5. Last evening's bluster was but a feint. Or perhaps Æolus was unsuccessful in his sally. Spring poured the balm of warmth and kindness on the angry winds, and they were calmed.

The sun rose bright this morning and found not the slightest suspicion of revolt in the air. No restless, elemental spirit prowls about the border-land of day. This afternoon the old monarch rolls lazily on, with half-shut eye, unraveling the skein of to-day.

Nature is free to ply her needle, and I doubt not that the fabric of to-morrow is decked with many a new-formed woodland gem. Spring is ever on the alert for such an afternoon as this and accomplishes mighty results. 'Tis well we have so few of them, or short, indeed, would be the stay of the nectar period of the year. The wheat glows with a fresh, healthy color, having lost its consumptive appearance.

This evening brings out the familiar voice of the cat-bird. His varied strain is exceedingly pleasing. The sound of it brings to mind the long, summer evenings in which he so delights to hop forth. The first one I have heard.

April 6, Easter Sunday. We had bright, ideal Easter weather this morning until after church services were over.

After dinner, the sky began to cloud over and, just now, a few scattering drops of rain drove me off the roof of the house where I had settled myself to write these notes. Now, however, rain has

ceased to fall, while the dark, heavy clouds hang irresolute, not knowing whether to loose hold here or glide on elsewhere.

How uncertain are these April skies! The atmosphere is like a huge bucket filled to an even brim—the slightest jar, and down falls the surface water.

These are days of intense feeling, when smiles and tears play tag across the deep, blue-vaulted eye. Nature hardly knows whether to be glad or sad over winter's riddance.

How cool and refreshing are the evenings after such sunshine-shower days!

We, summing up the two forces of heat and cold at eventide, find the scales about equal, and rest in sweet enjoyment on the scale-balance. The clouds look like gray brain matter; what twistings and contortions the mighty thoughts evoke in their evolution to distinct formation!

Our existence here is not one life but made up of a thousand lives, each limited to a day. Evening is a suitable time for reflection. Men sit in their windows, intent upon the fast waning day. Their eyes follow the sinking sun, till, ebbing lower and lower in the west, the great heart throbs its last, and another day is gathered to its fathers. But the mind's eye will follow on, conversing with the fancies and phantoms of the after-glow. Night finds us still groping on the border of an impassable river.

April 7. Missed the sunset to-night. Worked about the yard until too late. The last dull patch of sunset-light is fast fading into night. Late as it is, the robins are still sleepily chanting their evening hymns.

The snow-birds sing constantly these days. They seem to have become naturalized to our spring season, and are content to remain here during the summer. This mild winter has given them a taste of the other side of the year, something wholly new, and the novelty has not yet worn off. One sweltering summer will be enough, if they even weather the milder fires of spring.

April 8. Yesterday, I wrote that the snow-birds sang like the chipping-sparrow. Managed to get close to one of them to-day, while the bird was singing, and found my bird had doffed his blue coat for the checked one of chippie himself. The snow-birds are

still about. As I was standing out in the yard early this morning, I caught sight of a pair of thrushes in the next yard. 'Twas a whole woodland scene flashed on the eye. How wary and silent in their flight, moving about like dusky shadows! The eye immediately detected something foreign and strange. Peering in and out like scouts in an enemy's country, conversing only by signs, as if life depended on silence. It probably did:—Dusky spirits of the "forest primeval!" As well attempt to civilize the red men.

April 10. I had intended to take another walk for wild-flowers yesterday, but as the clouds threatened rain at any moment, I waited through the morning till about noon. As no rain had fallen by that time, I determined to venture forth with rubber coat and botanical can.

It began to rain before I had hardly passed the city limits, and continued the greater part of the afternoon—cold and penetrating as in winter. The few days previous had been unusually sultry; almost July weather. The old weather-god, with ever watchful eye, far from approving of such enormous strides, loosed the March winds as a checkmate to the too-zealous sun. Dark rain clouds were quickly hurried up from all sides, and were soon drawn up across the heavens in uniform of dark, threatening blue. The winds are like great over-grown school boys, just out of school, racing up and down, turning the staid world topsy-turvy, shrieking and howling with intense enjoyment of our discomfort here below; the accumulated animal spirits of ten months' confinement expended in a few brief days of March and April.

They clear and cleanse the earth of a year's accumulation of scum, preparing the way for the growth of a new year. The atmosphere comes out clear and fresh in new beauty after such a scouring. That is a way old mother earth has of renewing her youth.

Spring is like the sunrise of the year. Summer flows along with the healthy current of middle life; autumn, the golden old age, lingers with hazy, thoughtful eye, over the fruits ripened from seed sown in early days, then slips silently away before the advancing winter.

Found several new varieties of flowers; the phlox, yellow and white dog-toothed violet, large and growing in abundance; a grass with fine yellow bloom; a small yellow-flowered crow-foot, common variety of the Dutchman's-breeches, all on the same fruitful slope. During the course of the season, almost every variety of the more common wild flowers blooms and ripens seed here. What a woodland gem is the erythronium, with graceful, mottled leaves and nodding yellow blossom! Borne up above the rest, it stands without a peer in fresh, tender beauty. All the energy of a plant is centered in the one flower. It is seldom I find more than one or two blossoms in a woods. Nature is far from lavish in her distribution of them. Standing there, amid the last year's leaves, what a thrill is sent through one at sight of thy face! The thalictrum anemenoides is cast in one of Nature's finest moulds. Strange that Nature should produce spotless raiment out of that dark earth mould! The skies are swollen and succulent these days, just as are the springing plants.

April 11. It is considerably warmer to-day than yesterday. The new green shoots out almost by inches. The sun is working back into his old beaten path. He will soon be baking the earth.

The earth is like an enormous brooder, kept continually at hatching temperature these days. What a marvelous variety of chicks is brought forth!

How refreshing and exhilarating here by the rapids, with the constant swash of the water in your ear, soothing the mind to reflection,—or drowsiness,—as pleasant a sound as there is, constant and never faltering. It is no wonder such mighty results are wrought.

This has been a bright, typical late spring day, neither too hot nor too cool.

Took my lesson this forenoon and spaded some more ground after dinner. Intend to have a strawberry bed pretty soon.

April 13. Yesterday morning, dug quite a large piece of ground. After dinner, went to market to see if I could find any strawberry plants. Found one man, a nurseryman, with quite a number, and bought eighty-five plants; also a root of rhubarb. You see we have taken up gardening in earnest.

In the evening, mamma read an article on Charles Lamb.

Sunday is the only day of leisure for the working-man; so, soon after breakfast, this morning, I started off for the woods. It is rather too warm for brisk walking, but I suppose we must expect warmer weather now.

Spring of this year has lived her youth; there is work to be done in preparing the way for summer.

The earliest flowers, the hepatica, anemone, erythronium, having lived past their prime of early spring, are fading away before this hot sun. Fleeting beauties, they are gone ere you come this way a second time. The hepatica, clad in fur leggings, comes prepared to meet the encroachments and sallies of winter, but these hot, sweltering days, fairly wilt the life out of him.

How calm and peaceful is Sunday in the country! All days are Sunday in the woods, as far as quiet is concerned. Here Nature works on undisturbed, slave to no caprice of man's. Silently undermining, tearing down, crumbling, and building up anew, leaving no spot unnoticed. She is an enemy to nakedness. Her nimble fingers take delight in searching over the bald rocks for tiny crevices, in which to drop the seed of some green garment. Far up the trunk of the forest monarch, and out upon his out-stretched limbs, she climbs, weaving the green cloth of protection; soft, retreating gray-shadowed moss, the bond of union, blending the elemental colors into one compact whole.

Though all labor is suspended for the day, among men, the wheel still turns on here in the country, a quiet, simple sort of labor though, the labor of living and moving. The birds and insects do not lay by enough to last over Sunday. Where would they lay it? The larder is already well filled and the door stands open. No need for them to worry about to-morrow. Each takes sufficient for his own wants, and his neighbor does likewise.

The bees were out to-day in great numbers; swarming out from the winter hive to taste the sweets of the spring market. I am afraid they obtained little to repay them. To-day was a feast of beauty, with no allowance for the stomach. It was amusing to watch them going from flower to flower, hurriedly brushing aside the stamens and then eagerly probing the barren heart of the flower for the nectar that was not there.

The great, burly humble-bee was out with baskets on each side that nigh weighed him down. I noticed one that went over a bunch of Dutchman's-breeches several times before he could be convinced there was nothing there for him.

April 14. While passing along the small levee north of the bridge, a turtle-dove hastily shot out from the side of the bank and flew off with a great flutter of pinions. On looking toward the spot, I saw two young birds out in fibrous pin-feathers. There they were squatted down on a bed of grasses that died and dried hard last fall. The birds had taken it just as they found it, and dropped their eggs in the depression. I doubt whether the old birds could have made a snugger house.

I was considerably surprised to find a nest so early in the season, as the eggs must have been laid at least three weeks ago.

Later on in the day, disturbed another sitting bird, this nest also built on the ground, and containing the complement of two white eggs.

All doves would do well to make this transfer of the habitat, as their own attempts are exceedingly threadbare aud insecure.

Found several new arrivals among the flowers, the stylophorum diphyllum, the yellow water crow-foot, and quite a number of plants of the great white trillium in bud. This last was a new find. Before, I had known of but one place where they grew.

May 25. It is now nearly a month and a half, since I have been able to take an impression of the events of the day with my mind's camera. My last notes were written with a knowledge of the blank that was to follow, and with the possibility of a silence of even much greater extent. That morning, the old strained feeling, brought on again, I suppose, by overwork, had forced an unwelcome visit to the doctor. As a result, I was confined about the house for two weeks with dilated, owl-like pupils, and with an antipathy for the brilliant May sun even exceeding that bird's. Fourteen days of Spring's best tramping weather lost. The period of development in the growth of vegetation a blank on this year's calendar.

I passed many of the long hours in thinking; that is, in my poor, weak way. My mind was severely taxed to find themes for delecta-

tion. Old, time-begrimed incidents were brought out from the garret where they had lain many years in some obscure nook or corner, awaiting such an hour of want as this.

The Summer sun beats down and the rains and wind dash up against my box, but no little brown birds of the vertical tail find snug shelter within its protecting walls.

MAY 26. I took my ninth and next to the last botanical trip* to-day. The morning's paper predicted fair weather, and the sun more than verified the prophecy.

Huge, massive, fleece-clouds floated lazily across the May landscape, scarce dense enough to throw a passing shadow. By four o'clock in the afternoon, the scattered squadron had come to anchor, harbored tier upon tier, well down on the southern horizon. The sky had been well washed by the steady rains of a week or two ago, and, since then, regularly rinsed and blued by daily showers, until the entire vault glowed with several shades deeper hue than usual; about the color of sun-burned violets of late spring.

There seems to be an opening in the hitherto unbroken train of flowers in Crow's Nest region. I had considerable difficulty in finding three varieties for the class at school. I had an unlimited faith in the productiveness of the gentle slopes of those three ravines. But to-day, I found only one new flower, and, after pushing on to Crow's Nest, where there was a dearth of all blossoms, I was obliged to return down the river and take in the daisy and blackberry as a last resort.

Found a vireo's nest back on the hill in the Seven-mile woods. It was suspended from the fork in a branch of a shrub-like maple, growing a little distance from the path and in plain sight from where I stood. It contained a single, fresh-laid egg, marked with one brownish spot at about the middle, between the ends. On this one tiny mark, hung the identity; this the one clew to the owner of the house.

While going the rounds of my botanical excursions, I found at different times, seven occupied nests, and all built anew this year—three doves', a sparrow's (he of the grass nest), a song-sparrow's, a

*For the High School.

chewink's, a chat's, and a vireo's (red-eyed). On each trip succeeding the discovery of a new nest, I never failed to drop in to see how the family was progressing, until, toward the last, I had a circuit of four or five. The mother-bird would always retire on my approaching the house, as if doubtful of my good intentions; shy and chary of conversation. Expansive as was my good will, it could never quite span the few yards she kept between us, and win her over to anything like intimacy. How could we understand each other, with no interpreter, we of two such different nations and tongues?

MAY 30. Tacked the course of old ship "Excursion" yesterday from north and northeast to a southwesterly direction. I made the change partly at Mr. L's request and partly from a desire of my own to find out how much of a flora the Eagle Creek bottom would yield to the botanist. I boarded a Massachusetts Avenue street car about eight o'clock, and left the Stock-Yards car at the West Indianapolis turn-table an hour later, and walked the remaining distance to the creek along the I. & V. railroad. Passed the time until lunching hour, searching the heavily-woodedbank for birds' nests. The woods here are unusually dense considering the short distance from the city, and are, consequently, frequented by a greater variety of the warblers and sylvadae than those above the city.

Then, too, the nests can be more easily screened from the passing eye of the fisherman or hawk. In the course of the day, my eye alighted on only four nests, a cat-bird's, and three wood-thrushes'; the former and one of the latter containing eggs.

This spot of recesses and shadows seems to be a favorite with the thrush of the woods, as I remember to have found them nesting here last year; a true denizen of the deep woods, with background of cinnamon and flecked breast of light and shadow.

Though containing the materials in large and exhaustless quantities upon which forests live and thrive, the sandy bottoms could boast of but one herb in blossom, and that a weed whose flowers somewhat resemble the crucifera.

JUNE 1. My natal month. "O, what is so rare as a day in June?" I can say this, at least, of one day. Truly, this weather

of the opening day justifies Lowell's preference for Summer's sunny-eyed child.

During the last month, when I was unable to write or read anything, many interesting incidents happened which I should have liked to note down. From time to time, as far as memory supplies the outline, I will write them.

Towards the close of last April, a pair of robins took up their quarters in the large maple south of the bay-window and erected a house in one of the upper forks. After the walls had been plastered, we had two or three days of rains, delaying the two from moving in for several days until the walls had thoroughly dried. When the eggs were finally laid, and the female launched on the two weeks' voyage of incubation, the male would station himself early each morning in the lower branches of a cottonwood near where I was spading ground for a garden, and cheer the two laborers in a fine, caressing undertone as if fearing to awake somebody. He disliked being closely scrutinized during the performance.

If, at any unusually pleasing part, you cast your eye up toward the minstrel, the music instantly ceased. Lend him your ear but not your admiration. Thus the mornings pass quickly by with my poet friend for company.

JUNE 3. To-day's excursion to Crow's Nest closed my engagement with Mr. L. These ten country walks, of at least ten to twelve miles each, have been healthful and profitable both to the body and the pocket-book, and I only regret that the harmonious combination of pleasure and profit could not be longer continued. Happy, indeed, is that man who has a definite choice of occupation and whose fate leads him along the paths to that preference! May as kindly a destiny be mine!

The weather of yesterday was about the hottest this year had produced, so that each pore of my skin sent forth a small freshet at the urgent call of the sun.

Two weeks ago, the monotonous chirp of the cricket was heard only occasionally along the rail fence in the deep grass, but now the margin strip of every field and woods is filled in by hundreds of comrade crickets, and it is impossible to pass beyond the limits of their sentry lines. They inclose every field in a hollow square.

I fancy they are called forth by spring as mourners over the death of her dearest and first-born children, the hepatica, the anemone, the erythronium, that have lived out their short lives by the middle of April or, at the farthest, the first of May. I think I heard them this year earlier than in years before, probably due to the forwardness of the season in all quarters. They start up in the midst of all the freshness and new budding life, like some old croaker, to throw a wet blanket on all the happiness and thoughtlessness of youth. To me, it is distinctly a fall sound, holding a place with the katydid and grasshoppers, in a droning harmony with the mellow autumn noons and sunburned fields.

Found the march of flowers had been resumed and the break in last week's line filled in with four new varieties all unknown to me. In the afternoon, I learned that one of them was named the blue-eyed grass, an appropriate name for the delicate, light-blue flower.

On visiting the chewink's nest, I found but an empty house. My birds had grown up and flown away during the interval of a week. The vireo's nest was empty, so I brought it home to grace my small cabinet with the other nests.

JUNE 4. Started out for a short walk east this afternoon, with an eye to birds'-nests especially. Also brought along my beetle cigar box, large enough to hold a small collection.

I had better have brought along an eye of another variety, for, with all my searching, I have seen but one occupied nest, a brown thrush's.

What a clear, piercing iris this bird has; like purest distilled water of amber! It blazes up in a kind of righteous wrath when the sitting bird is disturbed, and the collector would fain move on to escape its glance. The light, dry-weather clouds go sailing across the blue in never-ending lines, like the souls of the limitless caravan of the departed; that caravan that took up its line of march at the beginning of time, and shall continue to the end.

JUNE 17. After the robins have come north, sometime during the first half of April, and settled down in the fork of the old apple or maple near the house, the male wren arrives some two or

three weeks later. He came this year punctual as the May sun, and one morning, dropped suddenly down outside of my window while I was yet in bed, astonishing the world with that wonderfully vivacious voice of his, a tone that can rout whole armies of sleep. As there are many apple trees in our neighborhood, with numberless small hollows, inviting to the mind of the wren, I hastily fitted up a cigar box with small step entrance and protruding shingle for porch, and, before many hours, had it securely fastened in a prominent position, to the roof of our back porch. A month of hot days of sunshine and rain passed by, and my house had not even been inspected. Still, the male remained about, and each morning I would hear his pleasant song for an hour or two, yet always alone. His voice, so pleasing to my ear, seemed not to please the fair daughters of his own tribe. Perhaps there was some flaw which my sense could not detect. Some youthful prank may have banished him from favor. But the spell seemed to be broken at last. A female, after an infinite amount of cajoling and pleading on his part, came down and looked over the house to which he would bring her. There must have been a satisfactory interview a day or two before, as during the greater part of one of them, he had busied himself in stowing away the large-sized twigs and sticks of a wren domicile. I considered this a promising omen.

The female, however, was not pleased with her mate's choice, and soon went away. I thought that probably her fears were aroused by its position so close to the kitchen-door, through which some of us were constantly passing.

Yet the male was not to be discouraged. May had given way to June, and it was now, or not at all, this year. The next day, he was back again with her for a little longer stay—an inch more of ground won.

Before long she was brought entirely around, and set about completing the nest that he had begun. Mr. Wren, although his joy threw him into various enthusiastic and comical antics, was yet distrustful of his spouse's fidelity. It was amusing to see how closely he would follow her about, fearing that she might yet slip away and leave him. Each piece of material was carefully attended to the box, and, after it was properly laid, he would stand in the

entrance and hold her inside, as though loath to trust her again outside. However, once broken to the harness, his little brown wife worked on steadily for a day and a half.

The following night, we had a heavy storm, with thunder and lightning, and the next morning no wrens appeared. I supposed they had chosen some exposed position and been beaten down by the rain, or else they had fallen a prey to the prowlers next door.

JUNE 18. On the house-top, to watch the day close. Great massive armaments of war-clouds are drawn up in silent dress parade, to be inspected by the mighty commander of day, ere he departs.

JUNE 28. How small seems the man on his house-top, with limitless space above and around! His, hitherto, all-engrossing affairs, are left with the rooms, on the ground floor, in apartments appropiate to their size and importance.

JULY 4. Entries for the past month have been scattering and fragmentary,—a bit here, and a bit there, with no line of connection. Continuous physical labor is apt to callous the intellect, unless the growth of each day is stirred and dissolved by systematic application.

To-day is the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the political birth of our country. In sacrifice to its memory, I offer an entire day among the sacred groves of White river, in the precincts of old Crow's Nest, where slowly waving trees and soothing winds are in harmony with the mind's meditations. What a change two months have wrought in the appearance of the landscape! The old familiar paths that I followed through the April woods and down the bare ravines, are grown over and hidden away (probably for next year) by tall ungainly weeds and briers often breast high. These seem to regard me as an interloper—a vagrant, on forbidden ground—and exert themselves to hinder my progress. Hidden vines, upstarts of a month's growth, entwine their lean, sinewy lengths around the unwary foot, and would fain precipitate the body to a level with themselves, while many a sharp-pointed nail is lost by the blackberry brier in vicious grasp at coat or pants.

This being a holiday, the old man of the weather, considerate of all pleasure seekers, took unusual care in the preparation of the weather.

The vein of intense heat of the past two weeks was withdrawn and a drop from the vial of October cordial, inserted with wonderfully invigorating result. The upper air was padded with a covering of thick, dark clouds during the fore part of the day, absorbing all the sun's earlier heat and, clearing away towards noon, left the air cool and strengthening for the rest of the day.

Scarcely a bird greeted me during the walk up the river, either in the woods or from the fences along the roads. Family cares, together with June weather, seem to have pressed the music out of them.

April enthusiasm is long ago wilted down to the ground, but the root still lives beneath the surface and hath its new shoots ready for next spring. Also, the number of birds returning and settling down for the summer, seems to be gradually diminishing. It is as if the period of silence and early decay were encroaching and narrowing in the season of song and activity in the woodland.

Summer, advancing, steadily advancing on her way, had grown her corresponding installment of flowers. I found a half dozen new ones; rank, weed-like in appearance; the plant of a rank and hearty July growth. Mother analyzed three in the evening, and two belonged to the night-shade family. This month must be peculiar to flowers of that variety, as I found the ground-cherry during the walk preceding this. These days of light and shadow, when the lines between the two are clearest and best defined, would seem to possess the properties fit for the production of this deadly species.

Not having transplanted a root of the white trillium while the flower was in bloom, I went around by the way of Trillium Hollow to see if the plants were still alive. The slope that they had whitened in the early part of May with their large, nodding flowers, was now totally hidden beneath a growth of weeds and coarser plants, uniformly waist high, with my trilliums long ago lost sight of. Yet, after parting the weeds in several places, I found them still growing on, unconcerned by the eclipse that had taken place about them.

JULY 7. In a tree, in the woods south of the Monon cross-road. Started from home about fifteen minutes of four o'clock, prepared

to spend the evening, with a small lunch of bread and cake for supper. It is now a few minutes after six o'clock, and I have just concluded my modest repast.

How merrily doth yon reaper run under the glance of the setting sun! The sun is fast approaching the line of dark woods that gird the western horizon. He has burned out a long day's labor on the hard-baked, grain-hatching kiln, and, half lagging down the western way, dozes with heavy, half-shut eye among the groves and by-ways.

What a scene of plenty is a landscape, sleek and well-fed, beloved of the sun, and brooded over till thrice blessed in vegetation: broad, easy-sloping fields of clover, wherein the indigo bird and the black-throated bunting delight!

What a deep, kindly, all-permeating light is this that radiates from the west, like the boundless love of a great heart; a glorious promise of to-morrow!

JULY 10. Upon the house-top.

A cool evening, with scarcely any clouds to give character to the sunset scene. Here and there, a touch, or careless streak from the artist's brush, as though thrown off by the sun, before he had dropped anchor in the yellow western harbor.

AUGUST 26. Oh! to look through the eyes of the Creator at creation. Through that perfect lens, all things are tempered to the beautiful hue of love. If we but trust ourselves to his arms, he will lift us up to a survey of his world from his own height. As the father bears up his children, and places them on his shoulder to obtain a clearer view of some scene of interest, so are we lifted up in understanding, to overlook from some cloud-land height the evolving life-drama beneath us.

JANUARY 26, 1891. Once again seated on the roots of a tree overhanging the creek just above the Central avenue bridge, notebook in hand. It is several months since I have made an entry.

Hardly a sound livens up the now chilling night air. The crows seem to have all passed over to roost east of the city, and the field

and woods stretching away back of me, are muffled close in the night's descending silence.

Still, the creek flows on as it did a year ago, rippling and splashing over the rocks of the rapids in its eternal flow. The sun had sunk ere I had reached the creek, and its yellow atmosphere is fast leaving us for night.

Gradually, the outskirts are drawn in, and move on to keep step with their champion. I feel the cold air about my ears now. So I must close the evening's notes.

THOUGHTS ON GOD AND LIFE.

" For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens and needs must obey,
When the Angel says ' Write.' "

—H. W. Longfellow.

HERBERT'S THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF DURING THE LATTER PART OF AUGUST, 1890.

As the mind is to the body with its parts, organs, so is God to man. Shall an arm or leg act without first the command of the mind, or directing power? If so, what good can come of such action, either to the disobedient limb or to the body as a whole? Suppose a man shall pass near a sharp instrument whose properties the mind knows, but which the leg, not satisfied with the cautioning of the mind, shall, of its own accord, run against to find out. Then, from loss of blood which shall follow, shall the whole system be weakened, and the purpose of existence, happiness, or the enjoyment of life, be marred, and deflected from its course. As many parts go to make up the whole, or body, so the perfect health of the whole is dependent on the perfect health of each part.

How shall the body be kept in good working condition? Suppose each limb and part attempt to seize and retain its portion of blood which each heart beat sends out, then shall the circulating, life-supporting fluid be checked and coagulate in the vessels meant for its free transportation, and the whole organism shall weaken and die.

Likewise shall that man who attempts to hold within himself that which was meant for the whole of mankind, by working independently of the central or guiding power, work his own destruction.

For, shall the pebble, by placing itself across and against the

current of a river, hope to check the mighty power in its progress toward the sea? It shall either be brushed aside, or picked up and carried onward toward the same mighty reservoir. For all running waters act according to the same all-powerful and unchanging law—gravitation.

Such a like, unchanging law governs the progress of man. The oceans and the circulation of the waters from ocean to ocean correspond to eternity; so its rise, directing course, and final outlet into formless eternity.

As the earth and all living things germinate, thrive, and grow under the light and warmth of the sun, so have we germinated, grown to some distance, and shall continue to grow under the light of the love and wisdom of God.

As well might the earth attempt to separate from the sun, and germinate and support life in itself, as for man to attempt to live and work independently of the Father. For in the Father was he conceived, and in the Father he grows, and to the Father shall he return.

According to so far as you climb, so shall be the extent of your knowledge. He that, through perseverance, shall climb to the highest pinnacle of faith, shall see through the eyes of the Maker, the purpose of each part and particle of the universe laid out before him as clearly as is the landscape at midday.

As the sun draws the water in vapor from the ocean, so is man drawn out of the limitless ocean of nothingness by the will-power of God, traversing the earth by various ways for a time, and, at last, re-entering that from which he was drawn forth.

If a man break his leg, he is counted unfortunate. Physicians are immediately called by pitying friends that the fractured member may be mended, and the man in time, shall grow strong and walk again. But if the mental, spiritual man shall fall, his fellowmen are immediately at hand with keen, razor-edged word intruments to hack and cut off that which was his only support; when, by gently applied pressure, the limb might have been straightened and self-support again supplied.

Why sit still and ask for miracles as the evidence of a God? Wherein shall the God-Creator, the power behind the universe, be evident but in his works? Our words belie our belief. Wherefore doth man exist in himself? Let him exterminate life and rekindle the spark, or cut off a limb and supply its place, or put out an eye and re-instate sight. He that doubts his own power believes in a God.

This, then, is the question that the sphinx, the universe, has propounded to man from the first light, *What?* The answer, God! God in the good man and the bad; in the man of every trade, in the ceaseless workings of all ages.

This, then, is the final purpose of the universe; for all men to see and acknowledge the workings of the history of both man and worlds. From worlds and their workings, all that is outside of man, he is to see and deduce this one result, that God is all, that I am nothing.

The whole is like a giant kaleidoscope, from every turn of which is to be learned the one lesson, that *I*, God, am omnipotent, all in all; that ye are nothing; that in total submission to my will, whithersoever I direct ye, is the only happiness and safety. Why suffer longer, my fellow-men? When the work is done, and vacation time is near, do all hands gladly set about the work of straightening up, and rectifying mistakes, removing that which has collected in the course of the year's work. All men become brotherly with the effervescence of good feeling, in anticipation of the coming festive season when love and good-will shall flow to the fill of every man that asketh. Then let each man step to the front with willing hands, that the work may be concluded, and every child come to the inheritance of the Father. For are we not all brothers in coming from the same Father? Why shall any one be deprived of, or withheld for a time from that which is his rightful inheritance?

The universe, God's workshop, where souls have, until now, been constructed, is but a constant repetition of itself. To the

first man that looked upon its beauties, this question was propounded, *What is this?* and to every man since, the sphinx has put the same question, and shall continue until every nation upon the earth, as of one man with one voice, shall answer—*God.*

The Christ came into the world that men might enjoy life, might come to the inheritance that the Father hath prepared for his children, in time, by way of the soul instead of the body.

When God created man, he placed in him the embryo soul, which was his voice. The first man dimly owned a consciousness of something higher than himself. With the development of his servants, the bodily organs, the recognition of this voice became clearer, and received a broader response. The soul, then, is the voice of God in man. In primeval times, this demand was satisfied by some momentary action of the hands; some collection of external materials which the earth supplied him with: in the Middle Ages, with the first growth of Christianity, by some one or more acts of bodily denial; a journey to the city of Christ's interment; long periods of fasting: in all times, a recognition, dim at first, of a posibility of a future life, an existence after this death. And for the privilege of this life, there must be some acknowledgement. At first, this was to be purchased, given in exchange for some bodily act.

Even as men raise and perfect the race of chickens, so shall I slowly, and through a multitude of forms, raise ye up towards my ideals, which are *Me.* Thinkest thou that I have reared this mighty earth and hung it in the heavens by my will-power, and brought each form to the perfection of its purpose, that ye might, for a few short years, walk and devote that existence to the mere enjoyment of the bodily senses? Then had I placed the stomach in the brain's place, or the nerves of feeling in command of the body. Then had I made thee for the mere enjoyment of the brute, and thy mind or brain power had been sealed forever from my voice. I gave thee that which none of thy fellow animals possess, an appreciation of this earth and its beauties.

The mind in man corresponds to the sky or the heavens in na-

ture, and each thought is a star visible and seen flashing separate, only when the Father is lost sight of behind the earth of self. That man that has himself under perfect control will suffer no pain, the same being that governs conscience being the power behind the nervous system.

Why do men so study into the laws that regulate matter, and having from each result learned the one fact that there is an invariable law (will-power) by which every form is governed, yet apply not that resulting formula to their own conduct, action, or position toward the author of all law, who is law itself?

The bird, the plant, the tree grow as they are bidden, each performing the function, duty, that purpose that is "the excuse for its being;" and live on in that duty with never a question as to *why*, that is, a spirit of revolt against its own individual duties; counting simple existence for any purpose, in any form or condition, a sufficient reward. Life itself is enjoyment. The extreme of suffering, existence more than compensates. Once born, the thought of death, nothingness, is unbearable, unbelievable.

Wherefore does man study nature but to find out how to govern himself?

The preacher, drawing his own directing thoughts from the word of God, states it to the philosopher and the scientist, who, not content with the simple statement, go to nature for a proof of its truth or falsity. The one is the word of God through a man, Christ; the other, through his corresponding inanimate man, nature, or the outward creation.

For the several hundred years directly following Christ's death, man attempted to adopt the new religion, course of action toward himself and fellow man, that is, a subjugation of himself, the members which he had entrusted to him, by direct action of the will, by sudden and forcible action—whence arose the Church.

But not satisfied with truth as it was given, man adapted it to his own bodily ends, thereby subjugating his own fellow man by withholding that which was each man's inheritance. But the idea of inequality, of one man's right to subjugate, to govern his fellow

man was but a temporary growth, a scaffolding upon which the foundation of the true structure was to be built.

All creation is God's. The body is but a husk, a shell, in which its seed, the soul, by means of nourishment drawn from the earth, shall develop to maturity; when, the purpose having been fulfilled, the enveloping cover shall wither and rot away, being then a hindrance to growth. All outside of man, heaven, with its stars, earth with its manifold fringed covering of beauty, is but a guide-post, a multifold hand, pointing beyond to the Maker. This is the work yonder just the same as here.

This creation is but a proxy, in truth, a foster mother which shall guide the steps of her child, the soul, until it be able to walk without assistance; a nursery in which the child is hidden away for a time, until it can throw off forever the childhood's garment of the body and walk erect, clothed in the manly garb of the fully developed soul.

Does the farmer spend time in the cultivation and careful tending of a weed that brings forth only leaves, so that, when autumn's chill blasts raze it to the ground, no harvest of life-supporting seed has been gathered? No more shall we, as farmers in God's ground, toil for that which goes into the body only.

God, in the beginning, made a body, and placed the mind at the head, but lo! the mind has been dethroned, and the senses rule in turn, while the mind is compelled to work out their ends. This body counts for nothing with God. Our individual wills, inclinations, are nothing. God's will shall be our will.

That man that fashions his own ends, works his own destruction. He puts forth no tendrils towards the upper world through which God shall nourish and develop the soul. All his schemes are as roots that grow downwards into the earth, and recede farther and farther from the light with each succeeding year. For what is

earth? Beyond is the Maker, the constructor; from Him thou must learn directly that, in course of time, thou mayest go and do likewise. Thou shalt say, "But my father; my mother; my home; all I love." All that shall love which seemeth of such dimensions to thee came from me to thee. In thy father, I gave that which thou wert to love and respect, acting for a time as proxy, the substitute for me, God, Father of all fathers, and all love. In thy father, thou sawest me; for might not any man, or any woman have been thy father, and thy mother, and wouldst not thou have given to them an equal love, as to them to whom life itself was owed? Then is love born not of itself, but in gratitude for thy life, a place as a being on this earth; and them dost thou fondle, cherish, and obey, in recompense for this gift.

Now the time has come when ye shall return yourselves as living sacrifices, as a return to thy true father, the God that made thee.

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN LATER; AT WHAT EXACT DATE, IS NOT KNOWN.

Perfect peace of mind, that is, perfect happiness, means complete subjection to the will of the Father. Do that which he prompts at all times, regardless of home, comfort, friends, or fear of physical or mental pain. If ye hesitate, for a moment, at thought of parting from some dear friend for love of that friend, and yearn for the pleasant path that joins his, console thyself with the thought that thou art working for the great love, the author of thy small attachment. Even as the son loves and obeys the father for the life which he now enjoys; even by so much as the universe exceeds the man, so shalt thou love and obey the Father, author of all life.

An effort of any kind, a conquest, is so much potential will-power.

A man's experiences are like a herbarium. When he meets another man or reads a book, a written account of that which other men have lived through, the dried specimens that were laid away as gathered, are brought out for comparison. From this comparison, are found laws upon which to act. By reading and absorbing new ideas, though the author towers above me in understanding, I may mount by means of his thought to his shoulders, and thus obtain a clearer and wider view than did the writer himself.

The discipline which education gives to the mind adds so much muscle and sinew to will-power which you will be able to put forth against temptation. Therefore, only by universal education, can the inequality between the rich and the poor man be overcome. All men being the children of the same Father, by birthright, should be started in the world with an equal share of what that Father has to give. How can we arrest and punish our fellow-men for yielding to that which they had not means to resist? No prize-fighter would think of going into the ring against his opponent without weeks and months of tedious, unremitting training. And

every trade means apprenticeship of several years. Of how much greater importance then, is the preparation for this great world-battle from which no man can escape.

Count society not in working order until man shall not be continually hampered by the demands of the stomach and body and drawn away from that which he feels to be his duty.

That which created the universe is nothing more than an unconquerable *can*. No man does more than he wills.

Every object in the universe is as a guiding hand to bring man up to the idea of the God, or Being behind the all. When this is thoroughly recognized, the purpose and cause of creation is realized, and the mind is ready to deal with form simply as ideas.

The mind that expands to every new truth as it is presented, by the absorption of that which makes up the God, finally possessing all the attributes of the God, becomes an infinite, acting mind. As fast as each victory over self, that is, a pushing and crowding down of all that the body desires for itself, selfishly, and in itself, is gained, just so fast will the spirit enter and widen all perception, until, with the last conquest, comes the perfect soul. The existence after death is no more than a will-power.

God takes out of himself an idea and puts it into a form, the brain, or gray matter. He puts under this, or in command of it, certain inferior forms, the senses. In the child or babe, he speaks through the form or gray matter, and commands it to use one of the five senses, or minor organs.

With the exercise of this organ, comes the first knowledge, that is, the power to do, and the first faint impression is made on the brain. Finally, through exercising this power almost numberless times, that which is done so easily seems to be as the power in itself, and the Father is lost sight of.

Every man that is put on the earth has the same question of conduct to answer or work out, that Adam had; that is, "Shall I yield to the body, or conquer and rule myself?" As time goes on, and generation after generation is added on behind, the child has an ever-increasing mountain of weakness to overcome.

Adam's fall was great; greater than he knew. We are advancing little by little on an inclined plane towards the position from which he first started. Before yielding to Eve, his was an existence without effort; with perfect control over the body, learning was a pleasure, and the body was never wearied.

The tree starts from a seed in the ground. It may grow a year and send up a stem which will branch, divide, and bear leaves; or it may live on a hundred years, or, perhaps, centuries, dividing and subdividing over and over again, and producing a larger crop of leaves with each advancing year; but whether it be cut down at the end of the first year, or survive the century, it shall finally be resolved, drawn back into the earth from which the seed first germinated. So it is with man. Whether the race had terminated with Adam's family, or shall divide and branch on, thousands of years, naught but men can be produced.

The last man, as the last leaf, can unfold with no more favorable conditions than did the first. God spoke directly to the first, but the last must draw his information from a patch-work, the rope end of the vast, imperfect net-work of that which has preceded him.

God, in love, made man as his son, with whom he might converse, and whom he might instruct, and finally raise to a level with himself. That son, in turn, could throw off an infinite number of fellow souls, perfect, that is, with an infinite power of comprehension, without first enduring the pains and temptations of the body. This body is foreign to the final end or purpose of the Creator. I have given it, that ye might conquer and rule over it; then 'twill be no longer needed. Having learned of me indirectly and imperfectly, through the bodily senses, thou shalt draw knowledge from me directly. The one purpose of the creation to man is to see me in all.

Adam's disobedience has doomed man to an eternal struggle. With a mighty effort, he pulls out of one rut, then thinks to rest on the result; but the earth is plastic; he looks about him again; another depression is formed. In constant activity, shall he find his only rest or peace of mind; always up, and ever up. Stand still a moment, and you have sunk to your knees.

Christ was but a man, and knew only that which the Creator

revealed to him—a part. His words shall do for a time, until ye have lived up to them and are ready for more. He came as an older brother, direct from the Father, with instructions, words of counsel, whereby ye may gain the best life.

The Father is yet at hand, and shall speak to them that ask him.

The threats of punishment are given as a father threatens punishment to young children for doing that which he knows will be to their direct injury, and for their direct good; having arrived at an age of maturity, they look back and thank the parent for his care which, at the time, seemed cruel and unreasonable.

The reward is set up as an incentive to action, a conforming to the law by which he wishes us to work; the only law by which any headway could be made. Then, the start being made, the wisdom of the course is manifest, and the prize, a heaven, is no longer needed, and is thrown aside.

Children are seeds sown in the soil, the upper crust. The first nourishment is the first root, started downward into the earth. Yet, what were roots unless it be to supply the plant that is springing in the upper air? And of what avail is the earth-root, unless its food supply be converted into nourishment for the soul? See, therefore, that your main tap-root, your life-work, never loses connection with the upper air.